

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, April 25. 1710.

THE *Review* had given you an Account of the Prisoners taken, and the Number of the Slain and Wounded in the late great *High-Church* Battle, of which our former treated at large.

But, *alas poor Review!* The Rage of the Party has reach'd Thee among the rest; and the World is thus depriv'd of this Day's Publication.

For behold a Party of the Run-aways of the defeated *High-Church* Army falling upon Mr. M..... the honest Publisher of this—have taken him Prisoner of War, and the Man being entirely in their Custody, and consequently not *sui Juris*, you are to expect no more *Reviews* from his Hand—Nor can any Body blame him; for when People are frightened, they are not Masters

sters of their usual Resolution, or indeed of their Understanding.

The Whole of the Case is explain'd by the above—but farther thus.

It has been observ'd in several *Reviews* past, that great Endeavours have been us'd to stifle and suppress this *Paper*; sometimes the Author has been threaten'd and bully'd, sometimes the Printer; sometimes they carry it to *this* Grand-Jury to get it presented, sometimes to *that*; sometimes the Government is solicited to discourage and silence it; sometimes the Indignation of the Party is shown *one way*, sometimes *another*; but finding all in vain, and that the Author continues to *gall them* with plain Truth—Their last poor, and indeed very weak and foolish Shift has been to tamper with the Publishers and Dispersers of it.

This has been practis'd upon other Papers as well as this; the *Observer* gives you an Account of his having been serv'd in the same Manner; nay, even the Queen's Proclamation could not obtain to be regularly publish'd or cry'd about Streets as usual.

This I endeavour'd to rectifie a little, by appointing the *Review* to be had at two several Houses in Town, besides the usual Place; (*viz.*) at Mrs. Pye's at *Charing-Cross*, and at Mr. Nathaniel Cliff's in *Cheapside*, near *Mercers-Chapel*.

But this not being sufficient, and the Party continuing to solicit every Publisher to suppress it; we have now remov'd it from the usual Place of Publication, and put it into Hands, that will not be bias'd, terrify'd, or any way prevail'd upon to keep it back; and from henceforward, this Paper will be publish'd by Mr. Baker, as is printed at the Bottom in the usual Place.

And what has the *Review* done, Gentlemen? Either it speaks Good or Evil, Truth or Falshood: If Evil, *bear Witness of that Evil*, and prove it, the Author has ask'd you no Favour. If it speaks Truth, wherefore are you angry?—It must be, that this Truth is something that pinches you so hard, you cannot bear it—The Physick really makes the Party sick, I hope it may work kindly and do them good.

How

How many Endeavours have we had to Present and Prosecute this Paper, and all in Vain? Once it was Presented, and *some Teeth* shewn, but lo, an Impeachment rose up, that appear'd at a Distance, like the Cloud in the Scripture, about the bigness of a Man's Hand—but soon overspread the *High-Church* Horizon, and drown'd all the design'd Building.

Since that the Courts of Justice (may I say it with Pardon) have been seiz'd with the Impertinence of the Party—— The Benches of Justices, Grand Juries, nay Superior Powers have been importun'd—but Justice reigns still, and Clamour cannot prevail—— God be prais'd, our Judges are not to be led by Noise, bias'd by Parties, or prevail'd with by Importunities. And thus hitherto the Endeavours of the Party, tho' they thought they had the **FORE HORSE** by the Head, have prov'd abortive, and they have attack'd the *Review* in Vain.

I am sorry to see the Party so angry——Not that I fear their Rage, or will go one Step out of my Way for all they can do, having Truth and the Law on my Side: But methinks there

is something very melancholy, in seeing so many People so furiously bent to embroil and disturb their Native Country—— And not that only, but they are come to that Pass, that they think even Courts of Justice are to be affronted and insulted by them—— But they found themselves deceiv'd—— It can hardly be believ'd how insolent some of these People were, even in the Court, when their Criminal was in the Hands of the Law; How did they harden the poor Wretch to behave himself with a Confidence not at all suitable to his Guilt, tho' indeed very suitable to their Cause?

How did they boast to the World, that the Jury would acquit him, even before they knew what would be testified against him?—— *A particular Insult upon the Jury*, as if those Gentlemen were to act by Party, and not by Evidence—— As if they would acquit him in spite of Proof of Fact, and that they were Men had no regard to their Oath—— It was an Insult also upon the Officers that Empannell'd the Jury, as if they had pack'd them of *Knaves to the Purpose*—— and yet without regard to any of these, they endeavour'd to spread it all over
the

the Town, that the Man could not be condemn'd— Nay, they perswaded the poor Man so himself— which he discover'd by the dreadful Surprize he was in, when he saw his Doom certain, and his Sentence near at hand.

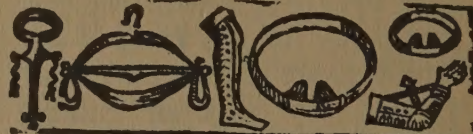
Thus they have affronted Justice, insulted Government, and cheated the poor Man out of his Life.

All the Effect this has upon the Review is, That it has baulk'd a very merry Paper which was written to oblige them, and would have made them laugh, *tho' perhaps on the wrong side of their Mouths*— which now must be adjourn'd to our next, when they shall have it with Interest.

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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business to those of her own Sex.

Printed for the Author; and sold by *John Baker*, at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1710.